

THE
SOPHISTER.
A COMEDY.

Horat.

— *His non plebecula gaudet.*

Mart.

Hæc fuerint nobis præmia, si placui.



L O N D O N :

Printed by J. O. for Humphrey Mosley, and are to be sold at
his shop at the Signe of the Princes Armes
in Pauls Church-yard. 1639.

275

SOPHISTER
 A COMEDY

1570H

Abbildung eines solchen Systems

.776M

These figures are not to be taken too literally.



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The Prologue spoken by
Mercury to the Academicall
Auditors.

TO greet this faire Assembly Hermes comes,
The winged Herald 'twixt the gods and men,
And helps an Infant-Muse, who not admires
His owne, nor envieth others clearer fires:
Whose modest Venus every where forbears
To speake what may offend your Attick eares.
His chiefeſt ayme and Art is for to fit
Unto this Place, (the Vatican of Wit)
His Lines, that this faire Confluence may allow,
What his Minerva hath contrived now.
He to no forraigne parts for plot doth roame,
But ſpeakes ſuch Language as he learnt at home.
The Sceane Parrheſia is, the chiefeſt State
Of great, but much diſturb'd Hermeſia:
Diſcourſe fallen mad, and troubled Method fled;
Young Intellect ſurpriz'd, Invention
Parts from Judicium; all that is amiſſe,
Is rectified by Analyſis.

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The Prologue.

*This, and what else we shall present to night
Unto this Round, we offer as a Rite:
For you can truly judge, and give report
Of what you heare above the Vulgar sort.
But here the Sophister, how to commence,
Or take's Degree, as yet is in suspence:
By keeping of his Acts, he now will try
To get your Placet by his Fallacy.*

Exit.



Imprimatur *Mathew Clay,*

3. Novemb. 1638.



The



The Sophister.

A Comedy.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Fallacy alone, with a darke Lanthorne.

Fallacy.

Not yet begins the East-disturbing Moone
To draw aside Nights sable Canopic, (playes
Nor heavens great Spy, whose curious search dis-
The worlds close errors, yet o'relooks the earth,
When now long since lazy & slow-pac't sleepe
Hath posted by my scarce-saluted eyes:
And let him passe; hee's not that powerfull God,
Whom ever-waking Fallacy adores.
Sacred Deosit, to thee be consecrate
My Temples, aid thou Goddess mine attempt.
If eone will free me, Here comes my servant Ambiguity.
Enter

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Z7s

SOPHISTER

A COMEDY

Horat.

His non phibetis gaudere

Mart.

His fuerit nobis pennis



1000000

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The Sophister.

*Enter Ambiguity, Fallacy turnes his Lanthorne,
and steps aside.*

Amb. I am in doubt, and I thinke cannot easily be resolved, whether it were better living in Hell, where there is no day; or at my Masters, where there is no night: I cannot tell what any yong Gentlewoman would answer to the blind Philosophers question. I am sure to me, *Nulla videtur voluptas nocturna*: There cannot the least sleepe harbour under my browes, but it is presently started with the loud cryes of my Master. Melancholy keeps him alwayes waking, and his envy will not suffer me to take any rest: Then my head hath scarce forgot my pillow, when his buzzing Suitors swarming about me, sting my eares like Hornets: like ghosts on this side *Cocytus*, they flock thither in infinite multitudes, to be waisted over to Hell: I would they were all once shipt thither, and dispatched; they are so importunate, that I could curse Nature who hath given me two eares to heare them, and but one tongue (though that indifferent double) to answer them. But at length I bethought me, she hath given me two leggs to convey me from them.

Fal. Twere good she had given you more eyes to see your Master.

Amb. I would shee had given me yours, you might not have seene your man.

Fal. Well sir, I hope shee would have left me hands to have felt him. But hast thou brought what I bid thee?

Amb. I have Sir, and I have not. (not.

Fal. I was about to thanke you Sir, but now I thanke you. What hast thou done?

Amb. I have brought Sir, but not as you bid me.

Fal. Villaine, goe runne againe.

Amb. Nay Sir, I thought it better to bring two Violls at one going, than at twice going one Violl. There were two of water of the same colour, and I have brought them both.

Fal.

The Sophister.

Fal. Well, where are they?

Amb. Here sir.

He delivereth the Violls to his Master.

Fal. So double diligence, 'Tis no great matter: Indeed their colours are the same, and their effects not much unlike. This being tasted, causeth drunkenness; this sudden madness: and this is the drinke I have provided for my Fathers mornings draught. Sirrah take you that, you may chance to have use of it; you know the vertue?

He gives one to

Amb. Yes Sir.

Ambiguity.

Fal. And now what are these Suitors that so much trouble you?

Amb. Master, you have seene Deaths dance in Boccus, Merchants, Vittulers, Vintners, Tobacco-men, Informers, Projectors, all those that mourn'd at *Tigellius* his Funerall; *Ambubaiarum collegia*, *Pharmacopola*, I am sure you know them.

Fal. And know my selfe unable to content them. Riches and honour, all the worlds delights Their hearts desire, I have given them, And like the Farmer old *Stercatius*, Still toyling in his dung-hill, or his field, As with his grosser soule best sympathizing, Spending his spirits, sparing of his pelfe, Defraudeth his owne *Genius*, all to make His Masters Sonne an upstart Gentleman Of Innes of Court: so have I hitherto On this still-craving brood freely bestowed My choicest favours, to advance their States: Whilst I my selfe in scorne and infamy, Have basely liv'd, am basely like to dye. And could I suffer this so vile contempt? Yet am I hated top; who can endure Contempt and hatred to goe unreveng'd? Or were't else where, I might containe my selfe, Dissemble this my griefe, neglect my shame. But heere within the great *Hermenia*,

B

In

The Sophister.

In hatred and contempt to draw my breath,
A thousand times 'tis worse than cursed death.
But that which more torments my vexed soule,
Bo'd *Demonstration*, and quick *Topicus*,
Though better borne, yet both my yonger brothers,
Are every where admired, and beloved.
Them old *Discourse*, our too much doating Father,
Kisses, embraces, seeks to magnific.
On them the Vulgar and Nobility
With no lesse joy doe fixe their gazing eyes,
Than the neare-death escaping Mariners
Vpon faire *Ledaes* Twinnes, if they appeare
After a tempest, when the Heavens are cleare.
To them which scarce my spite-swolne tongue can speake,
My heart abhorres to thinke, are destined
The faire *Scientia* and *Opinion*
In happy Spousals to be married :
Now *Fallacy*, 'tis thou must this prevent,
Or pine in griefe, in shame, in discontent.
And see (O fairest Opportunity)
That ever favour' its *Fallacies* attempts,
I'le kisse thy gracious hand, and with my heart
Embrace thy sweet-selſe-offering courtesie.

Here comes my Father, stand aside.

Enter Discour. Demonstr. Topicus : Disc. sits downe.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Disc. **W**ELL hath the great Creator of the world
Fram'd it in that exact and perfect forme,
That by it selfe unmoveable might stand,
Supported onely by his Providence.
Well hath his powerfull Wisdome ordered
Th'in nature disagreeing Elements,
That all affecting their peculiar place,
Maintaine the conservation of the whole.
Well hath he taught the swelling Ocean
To

The Sophister.

To know his bounds, left in luxurious pride
He should insult upon the conquerd Land.
Well hath he plac't those Torches in the Heavens,
To give light to our else all darkned eyes:
The Chrystall windows thorough which our soule
Looking upon the worlds most beauteous face,
Is blest with sight and knowledge of his workes.
Well hath he all things done : for how alas
Could any strength or wit of feeble man
Sustained have that greater Vniverse,
Too weake an *Atlas* for one Common-wealth ?
How could he make the Earth, the Water, Aire,
And Fire, in peace their duties to observe,
Or bridle up the head-strong Ocean,
That cannot rule the wits and tongues of Man,
And keepe them in ? it were impossible
To give light to the world, with all his Art,
And skill, that cannot well illuminate
One darkened understanding. Oh my sonnes,
Never admire the Seate of government,
Nor let the haughty and ambitious thoughts
Of an aspiring minde, inflame your hearts
To climbe up to the false-supposed Heaven
Of high-authority.

Fal. Now I thinke I am prevented : is he not starke mad
already ? *He talkes idely.*

Disc. The Chaire of State,
Though glorious seeming, oft proves dangerous,
Is alwayes troublesome, alwayes envied.
I heare the Regent of this onely Land
Not altogether unexperienced,
Having the assistance of grave Counsellors,
Ready to faint with burthen of my cares,
Thinke happy great *Tiphoeus*, who, they say
Lies pressed downe under large *Sicily*.

The Sophister.

Amb. Your loving Sonne, if his purpose hold, will ease you; you shall not thinke *Aena* upon your shoulders, he will make your head light enough.

Disc. Let then your true affection so well plac't
Oh well deserving, well requiring loves,
Doubly reflecting on your nearer selves,
Grow strong in fast united amity;
That what no single strength or wit can doe,
Vertue conjoynd, may attaine unto.
But *Demonstration* call young *Intellect*
To be instructed; he was hither sent
By that great Empreffe of the Isle of *Men*,
Renowned *Anima* his carefull Mother,
And as his youth, this child-hood of the day
Will best admit the best impressions,
But who's that? *Fallacy*? and whence come you?

Exit Demonstration.

Fal. My gracious Father, carried on the wings
Of my ne're sleeping Picty, I came
From my owne house to doe my humble duty
Vnto your Majesty. (you

Disc. Your earliness hath made some hast, but a report of
From farre, before you, late hath bene with me.
How commeth it to passe thus, o my sonne!
Vnhappy sonne, borne to thy fathers shame,
Living unto his griefe, thou caus'st me
In all the world to be ill spoken of
Through thy most lewd behaviour, I heare say
With Juglers, Cony-catchers, Gypsies, Rogues,
Base gamesters, lying Mountebanks, vild bawds,
And most damn'd couzners, you keepe company,
At blind Ale-houses, Innes, and Ordinaries,
Whore-houses, and Apothecary-shops,
With such like places, you doe still frequent,
Where you abuse the plaine simplicity

Of

The Sophister.

Of honest men, that I may justly spend
That breath where-with I would have blessed thee,
Into deserved curlings; and I ought
Profusely powre it forth in chiding thee.
But oh though wicked, yet I thinke my sonne,
I doe intreate thee, I will sue to thee
To leave these courtes, and at length begin
Better to governe thy misguided selfs:
Looke to thy brothers, and not scorne to learne;
To me they duely doe performe their dutie
To men they doe approve their honesty. *He coughs.*

Top. Sir, will it please you to drinke this morning?

Disc. Yes, I am dry with talking. *Exit Topics.*

Fal. Then may it please your grace to give me leave
To speake in poore defence of my just cause.

Dis. Say what thou canst, and oh I would thou couldst
Clear thee of these foule accusations?

Fal. First may I Sir, full worthily except
Against the oft-false-proved messenger,
Ever to be suspected, lying fame.
Then I appeale unto the Testimony
Of all the world, whether I have not
Alwayes my selfe associated with
The best reputed sort: great Princes have
Accepted of my wisht for company.
With most chiefe Statesmen I have beene familiar,
Upon the Exchange not look't for, I have beene
By many wealthy Merchants oft saluted.
The fairest streets of the most famous Cities,
Are almost worne out with my often steps.
Nay, what place is there of more speciall note,
Where I (though not apparent scene of all,
I know you hate that foolish vanity)
Have not beene for the most part, resident?
But I hereafter, that your faithfull eye

The Sopbister.

May give true witnesse to my carriage,
Nearer at home, here in your sight intend
To shew my selfe, and my deserts approve
To your sure comfort, and my friends sound love.

Enter Topicus with a Cup in his hand.

Fal. Where's your Napkin *Topicus*?

Top. I have forgot it.

Fal. Fie, had you no odde place to put you in minde,
Goe quickly and fetch one. *Exit Topicus.*

*Fal. receiveth the Cup, puts in poyson : Discour. drinkes,
Topicus returnes.*

Disc. Let me embrace thee *Pallacy*, let me kisse thee my
dearest sonne, the prop of my age, the sole heire of my love:
My eares shall bee shut up hereafter to any complaints
brought against thee; I will take it as against my selfe, if
any henceforth accuse thee, I will fight with him, I will beate
and baffle him; I will runne upon him, spit upon him.

Fal. How lik'st thou this *Ambignity*? is not his Style
chang'd since?

Amb. Yes me thinks; before he spake in Verse, now hee
scannes not his words.

Fal. Oh thou shalt heare him talke out of all measure.

Disc. I will now goe walke into the Garden of the Muses,
and gather the choicest flowers that grow about *Helicon*, to
make a Garland for thy temples. I'll make the skilfull Rhetoricians
to empty all their shops of the freshest colours to
paint thy cheeks withall. Then the *Grammarians* I'll cause
to shape fit and well-fashioned garments for thee of the purest
Silke that ever was fram'd of true-woven words: Come go
with me, come goe with me.

Exeunt Disc. Fal. }

Manent Top. Amb. }

SCENA TERTIA.

Top. **N**ow what strange passion hath befallne my father!
I wonder that he did so fawne upon

Vaworthy

The Sophister.

Vnworthy *Fallacy*; yet that may be
Proceeded from a Fathers tender love.
But he look't gaskly, and his colour chang'd,
And seem'd to grow forgetfull what he did;
I pray this humour hold not.

*Enter Demonstrat.
and Intellect.*

Top. How now Brother?
Met you your Father?

Demon. Not I; is he gone?
He bid me call up young Lord *Intellect*.

Intel. Marry bethrew you, I could wish you had let me alone;
you awak't me out of a most sweet sleepe.

Demon. What is the matter?

Top. Nay I sweare I know not;
But I doe feare all is not well with him.

Demon. Not well, and stand we talking?

Top. I protest I am amaz'd.

Demon. Come let us seeke him out.

Exeunt Demonstrat. and Topic.

Amb. Young Lord you were best to stay; they goe to seeke
one whom they know not where to finde. Now I hope to
make my Master doate as much on me, as his mad father doth
on him, if I can convey away this purchase.

Int. But when will Lord *Discourse* come? I desire to learne
somewhat this morning.

Amb. My yong Lord, if you will goe with me, I will lead
you to such a Library, as all *Hermenia* yeelds not the like
again.

Intel. But are there any Bookes for my use?

Amb. Of all sorts.

Int. Any Logick or Philosophy?

Amb. The best Logick, Rhetorick, & Philosophy that can be.

Int. Whose I prethee?

Amb. Why you shall finde there *Piscators* Logick, *But-
lers* Rhetorick.

Int. Indeed, *Faundi calices quem non fecere disertum?*

Amb...

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Amb. O sir, the onely Rhetorick in price;
You shall have too *Magirus* Physicks.

Intel. What Kitchen-Physick?

Amb. Bakers Arithmetick.

Intel. That will teach me to tell Thirteene to the dozen:
what, you thinke I will prove *Helluo librorum*? Well, I wil
goe with you for once.

Amb. And stay with me I hope, longer than you are wil-
ling.

Exeunt.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Invention and Iudicium.

Invent. **B**Vt is it certaine which Report affirmes?

Young-Topicus and *Demonstration*,

So shortly shall be married? Speake *Iudicium*,

What doe you heare?

Iudic. I am for truth assur'd
E're night their Nuptials will be finished:

This Morning from *Verona* come the Ladies,

Whose presence onely is attended here,

And now the love, *Invention*, which you beare

To *Topicus*, may best conceive my joy,

For *Demonstrations* equall happinesse.

Invent. My joy and love esteemed by your owne

You well approve, and make me confident

Upon your judgment in a lesser thing:

My working thoughts to celebrate this day,

Have here brought forth a rude impollisht Rime

Where-with I dare trust your friendly censure.

Iudic. You may be bold, on me, who cannot blame

What ever quick *Invention* hath compos'd:

Invent. Nay, flattery becomés you not; 'tis this.

Iudic. What is't an Epigram?

He deli-

vers him a paper.

Inven.

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Inven. I have mistaken.

Indic. Nay Sir, by your favour, I will presume upon your courtesie to read it.

Amico.

Our Civill Law doth seeme a royall thing,
It hath more Titles than the *Spanish* King:
But yet the Common Law quite puts it downe,
In getting, like the Pope, so many a Crowne.

Invent. Nay, now I pray conceale not what you thinke.

Indic. You know *Judicium* ought to be conform'd
To Lawes, and not to speake his minde of them.

Invent. I aske your censure of my Epigram,
Not of the Lawes.

Indic. I thinke that it were fit
It had a glosse to shew your meaning, what
You understand by Titles, and by Crownes;
Those words are doubtfull; but Sir shall I see
The other?

Juven. Stay, her's *Fallacy*.

SCENA QVINTA.

Enter Fallacy.

Fall. **T**Hese are the Dragons that so duely keepe
The golden fruit which I so long to crop:
Oh that I could inchant them I well, He trie:
Say, faithfull followers of young *Intellect*,
Is your deare Lord come by? or where's he gone?

Indic. How? our deare Lord come by; or where's he gone?
What meanes Lord *Fallacy*? did not great *Discourse*
Send for him by your Brother?

Inven. We hither came, thinking to finde him here.

Fall. I know not that, but this I doe assure you,
He is departed from the Court, and fled:

C

The

The Sophister.

The cause my sorrow doth forbid to shew;
Thus much my love hath made me let you know.

Judic. 'Twere needlesse now for us to aske the cause,
Let's thinke upon some meanes to finde him out.

Invent. Can you advise us *Fallacy*?

Fal. Not I;

You better both can finde and judge what's fit.

Judic. I am amaz'd.

Invent. And so I sweare am I.

Fal. Well, if my counsell may doe any good,
I wish that both of you pursue him straight;

You towards *Rhemes*, *Invention*, and you

Indicium to *Verona*, nor returne

Till you have found him: you may better seeke

In any place than here, where oh alas,

Discourse distracted is enough to affright

Farre stronger wits.

Invent. *Discourse* distracted? how?

Fal. O pardon me, I know not.

Judic. Come, let's goe,

You vex him with your fruitlesse Questions

Exeunt.

Fal. Well may you speed, I would goe on your way,

But that my piety here bids me stay.

What are you gone? ne're may you meete againe,

Or meeting, ne're returne. I cannot like

Such curious fellows in strange Common-wealths.

And now for yong Lord *Intellect*, my hope

Stands resolute of quickly taking him.

I may goe prosecute my chiefe designs.

Exit.

Actus

The Sopbister.

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Distinction with papers in his hand.

Dist. I Would the number of things in the world had been lesse, or the names more, I might not have beene thus troubled. There is nothing spoken or written but is subject to so many interpretations, that without *Distinction*, giveth occasion of an hundred evasions. An Obligation cannot be made for tenne Groats, but the Attourney will have halfe a Crowne for Parchment: no lesse will hold the Addition of the parties names, of younger and elder, Butcher and Tanner of *Wisam* and *Wolvercoate*; that if the unskilfull Painter was faine to write under his well resembled Pictures, this is a Dogge, this is an Hare, I had need to come after and tell what Dogge, what Hare he meaneth. But yesterday an Herauld was with me, who, as I lov'd to save blood-shed, intreated me to helpe him to pacifie two incensed Citizens, who since the yeare 1610, when all Artificers and Tradesmen became Gentlemen, fortun'd to light both upon the same Coate-armour, and now were ready to fight, who should have it most proper, if I lent him not some difference to put betwixt them: I asking what the Coate was, he told me a Bulls head, whereupon I advised him to call ~~this~~, that was the yonger, an Oxe-head, and make the hornes a little longer; and I hope by this they are contented. And indeed I cannot wonder that so often many things have but one name, when sometimes one thing engrosseth many names, like the Spanish Nobility, which require whole sheets for a Superscription. You may enquire for a Broker, meete with a Bawd, and fall into the hands of an Usurer, yet all but one Citizen. You may there see a Scholler troubled with the Rheume, a Gentleman ill at ease, a Serving-man starke drunke, all sicke of one disease; I would some

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would reduce these things to a parity, and relieve the nullity of some by the plurality of others; or some good *Cyrus* would adventure a jerking, by taking away from short things those Titles which are too long for them, and giving to those who are too short, and so fit them both. If *Division* would come once, I would speake to him my selfe, to make a more equall distribution; and I wonder hee staies so long; but now heere hee comes with the rest.

Enter Definition, Division, Opposition, Description.

Defi. Come, come, my Lord, it is time we were about this businesse.

Divis. Good my Lord *Definition*, you must pardon me, you know I am troubled with two shrewd impediments, Age and weakenesse; and besides *Dichotomy* hath let mee bloud, and charged me I should neither use Horse nor Coach, but trust to mine owne two legges; nay hee will scarce permit me a staffe to leane upon.

Descr. My Lord *Division*, it were best that you sate downe if you are weary.

Defi. *Distinction* have you brought the rolles? they bee the Records which preserve things done from swallowing up in oblivion.

Dist. If you meane the rolles you bid me, I have; if any other, I have not.

Defi. *Description* give mee my Spectacles, not without good cause hath our Sovereigne sent unto us to draw out for him the pedigree, which is a true lineall discent of all the chiefe inhabitants within these provinces, and view their ancient possessions, which are the Dominions and Lands, conveyed them by their

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their Ancestors, least here it should come to passe, which is happened in all other Countries, that the dignity and jurisdiction depart from the noblest houses, which are families retaining in many generations, the impression of some heroicall vertue, and passe to upstarts, who are such as Fortune, not Desert hath made gracious.

Opp. Nay feare not that; while *Opposition* lives, there shall be alwaies some to resist that confusion.

Divis. With which Province will you beginne, with *Substance*, or with *Quantity*?

Desf. Best I thinke with *Substance*, right, and here is the rolle: The first Duke that reigned here, and gave his name to the Country was *Substance*; I cannot well say what he was, his antiquity was so great.

Divis. Hee was the eldest sonne of *Ens*, was he not *Opposition*?

Opp. No, he was his eldest child, the rest were Daughters.

Desf. It should seeme so, for accidents are of a feminine nature, they cannot exist alone by themselves.

Divis. Well, howsoever this Realme was equally divided amongst them; I have heard, *Pythagoras* was employed in assigning them their portions.

Opp. It is not so, it was his Scholler *Archetas Tarentinus*, he measured out the Provinces by his Geometry.

Desf. Hence we may gather of what antiquity this Kingdome was, it is sure as ancient as the *Romane* Empire, for *Architas* and *Numa* were Schoole-fellows.

Opp. Eye no, *Pythagoras* liv'd long before him.

Desf. This Country was then called *Decaphylia*, till afterward subdued by *Mercury*, was by him called *Hermenia*.

Divis. Well, howsoever let us proceed: *Substance* matching with the Lady *Corporea*, had by her a sonne called *Corpus*.

The Sopbister.

Dist. My Lord, there were two Dukes of that name; one in the Province of *Substance*, another in the Province of *Quantity*.

Def. But we meane him of *Substance*.

Descr. Good Lord, what odds there is betwixt the men that were in those dayes, and the men that are now in this latter declining Age of the World. This Duke *Substance* was a monstrous, tall, huge, bigge man; hee had a head greater than any Horse, a neeke like a Bull, larger sides than the Westerne Hogge; Leggs like Winde-mill posts, and feete proportionable: His sonne *Corpus* was very like unto him; the Aldermen of the Corporation, that are scarce able to come in at our Colledge-gates, might have shewne trieks like Tumblers in a hoope, through his Thumb-ring; King *Arthurs* tallest Knight would have scarce trust his points. The Bull-hide, that cut out in Thongs, compast as much ground as the walls of *Carthage*, could not make him a Girdle.

Dist. I wonder how many man had so much teasure as to looke about him, and draw his description.

Descr. O sir ex pede *Herculem*.

Def. Him succeeded *Corpus*, surnamed *Animatum*; him *Animal*, who was named *Rationale*, and begat *Homo*.

Divis. He had two wives, the other was *Irrationale*.

Dist. Sure that *Irrationale* had many Husbands, I have knowne her married to above Twenty my selfe.

Opp. Why? had not all the rest so? *Substance*, *Corpus*, and *Corpus animatum*, my sonne *Privation*, if he were here, could tell their names.

Def. Where is he?

Opp. He hath laine a long time bed-ridden, deafe, blind, and dumbe.

Def. I am sorry for him.

Divis. Who are next *Definition*?

Def. *Homo* begat *Socrates*, *Plata*, and the rest.

Divi. Now thou seest *Description*, Nature gives with two hands;

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hands; with one the gifts of the body, with the other the qualities of the minde; so to these men the hath now given more understanding than unto *Substance*, *Corpus*, and those in former time.

Desc. But may it not be doubted, whether *Socrates* and *Plato* were of this Countrey; I could never heare that they had much to doe with *Substance*.

Dist. 'Tis true, if you meane *Substance* as the Vulgar doe, for wealth: But if you understand it as we doe, the Province, questionlesse they had.

Opp. I say they had not, and can prove it: They were Philosophers, were they not?

Dist. Yes.

Opp. And Philosophers have no place here.

Dist. And why not Sir?

Opp. Because ignorant fellows have not, it holds from contraries.

Dist. So it pleaseth you to conclude Sir; but how prove you that Sir?

Opp. They are Transcendents over all the Provinces, and therefore cannot rightly be said to be in any.

Desc. Indeede they say, *Homer* had seven Cities strove for his Birth, but none ever gave him place of abiding: but I thought Philosophers had more certaine abode than a wandering Poet.

Opp. They are in *Substance*, for they love to stand by themselves, and depend on none: They are in *Quantity*, for ignorant men are in number many, in magnitude monstrous.

Dist. I think least of all in *Quantity*, for they are rather in number infinite; and I cannot tell whether they have Longitude and Latitude, I am sure they have no profoundnesse.

Dist. Profoundnesse either may be taken for deepnesse of judgement and understanding, and that they are farre from, or for thick grossenesse, and that in them is most palpable.

Opp.

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Oppo. They are in Quality : for who so fat, faire, strong, and lusty as they ? out of *Relation* they cannot bee : You have ignorant Rulers, ignorant Subjects, ignorant Tutors, and ignorant Schollers : who more in Action ? who more passionate in all places, at all times ? who use more gestures ? Who better apparrelled ?

Defi. For the particulars, you *Description*, take this our Licence, by which we doe authorize you to goe through the Countrey, and take notice of the names and Differences of them all : For us it is sufficient to set downe these things in generall.

Desc. Belike Sir, you meane I shall not dye in idleness ?

Div. Shall we proceede to some other Province ? *Exit.*

Defi. I must first have the assistance of Lord *Demonstration* ; I can doe nothing without him.

Oppo. Why send you not *Distinction* for him ?
Goe tell him we expect his coming ; intreate him to make haste.

Enter Proposition.

Prop. Now my Lords, as you love your selves, or respect the State, imploy your carefull providence with all expedition.

Defi. Why ? what is the matter ? *good Proposition* speake.

Prop. Oh, I shall speake too soone : Our Lord *Discourse* is false starke madde.

Divi. False mad ? Oh fatall calamity !

Defi. What shall we doe ?

Prop. Nay, worse than this.

Oppo. Worse cannot bee.

Prop. *Demonstration, Topics, and Fallacy*, are hot in contention who must govern.

Oppo.

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Oppo. How comes *Fallacy* neare him; lately he could not endure him?

Prope. I know not how: but now he seemes exceedingly to affect him.

Defi. Have they no more care of their Father? this is too bad; 'twere good for to take some order with them presently.

Dir. Let us goe visite him, hereafter we will goe finish these businesses.

Exeunt.

SCENA SECVNDA

Enter Ambiguity.

Amb. HE is not here: 'tis common to say, Hee is a true man that never deceiveth his Master: and I thinke it may properly be said, He is a rare Master that never deceiveth his man. This is not the first time my Master *Fallacy* hath sent me on such idle errands: He is right like the fellow that when hee had nothing to steale, filled his Pockets with Rushes: rather than he will deceive no body, he will deceive me. But let him take heede he play not like the madde fellow *Ajax*, who when he had left nothing else to kill, slew himselfe: and so when he can no longer cozen others, he'le cozen himselfe: His golden Letters, written with an Angels quill, will doe him no good: But here I thinke he comes: no, it is *Distinction*: This Villaine I can no more endure than *Demosthenes* could *Phocion*: he is the fatall Axe of all my Policies, the *Atrapos* of all my subtile Devices.

Enter Distinction.

Distin. My Lords, what are they gone? it had beene folly for them to stay for *Demonstration*.

D

Ambig.

The Sophister.

Ambig. He must not be of our Councell, if *Opposition* should chance to come.

Dist. There was adbe indeede; Old *Discourse* talking nothing but of *Quadratures*, of *Circles*, of *Lines* running nearer and nearer, but never comming together: of *Hexities*, *Ideas*, *Quintessences*, *Sublimations*, *Corporall Ubiquities*, infinite *Quantities*, *Consubstantiations*, *Transubstantiations*; things beside impossible: I wonder what he meanes; surely he is besides himselfe.

Amb. Well, I must adventure on him, delay may prove dangerous. How now *Distinction*, what newes is stirring?

Distinct. Oh Sir, I see that stirring head of yours is weary of our better state: you listen to heare of some new change?

These words he speakes aside to himselfe.

Amb. What are there windowes in my breast? this fellow knowes my heart.

Not I *Distinction*.

Dist. No, you are *Ambiguity*.

Amb. You may mistake me.

Distinct. Yes, if I take thee for any other than thou art.

Ambig. What's that Sir?

Distinct. An honest man.

Ambig. Indeepe you say true, hee doth mistake me that thinkes me other than an honest man.

Distinct. But you say false: I say hee doth mistake that takes thee for an honest man, otherwise than thou art.

Ambig. Why *Distinction*? 'tis not you can finde fault with my honesty.

Dist. No, Ile be sworne.

Ambig. Why say you so then?

Dist. Because I can finde no honesty with thy faults.

Ambig.

The Sophister.

Ambig. Come, come *Distinction*, if I have beene faulty, you know no man is borne without faults.

Distinc. Yes, and I thinke there are few faults borne without thee.

Ambig. Come prethee, thou art alwaies disposed to crosse me, but I will not fall out with thee for a Kingdome.

Distinc. You would for a lesser matter, if feare did not hold your hands.

Ambig. Sir you shall know my hands be free.

Distinc. Why, you will not draw Sir?

Ambig. Yes, I will Sir.

Distinc. What, not your Sword?

Ambig. No, good *Distinction*, I love thee too well; Ile draw my Purse, with all my heart, to doe thee good.

Dist. I thanke you good *Amphoterus*; but I feare you have two Purse, as hee had two Chests; one full of money, the other of thanks.

Ambig. That I have, my deare *Ondeteros*, and if thou wilt goe with me, I will draw them both; the one to pay for the wine we will drinke, the other to thanke thee for thy Company.

Distinc. Well, Ile goe with thee. *Exeunt.*

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Opposition.

Oppo. I Cannot conjecture wherefore *Fallacy* is so desirous to speake with me, he requested I would meeete him here sometime before wee fate, and yet he is not come. Now I doe wonder I was so much moved at his carriage in this businesse, I beginne to pittie his poore fortune: Alas, that he was base borne; but what of his base birth? *Hercules*

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was base borne, so was *Romulus*, so many Worthies: He seemes to have more wit than both his Brothers, and al- though that be counted such a blot; yet who can condemne him? it was no fault of his; but what if there hath gone a bad report of him? why hee may mend in time. Was not *Themistocles* a dissolute yong fellow, yet who proved a braver Souldier? Oh 'tis Magistracy shews the man; what hopes? what encouragements hath hee ever had? Still kept under and disgraced; neither is his Title altogether naught: and now a dayes 'tis a small right a man would forgoe for want of standing to it; I cannot blame him and a little thing more would make me favour him.

Enter Ambiguity laughing in Distinctions coat.

Ambi. O wonderfull operation, two or three drops of this Wine fuming into his head, turned his braines like the fannes of a Winde-mill, and then his tongue like a clack began to talke on both sides; every thing was taken *dupliciter*; he talkt pure *Scot*, and *Thomas Occham* and *Caietan* might have learnt some new Schoole-learning from him: but this storme held not long, ere a still calme followed this violent tempest; and he fell fast asleepe, and I thinke I was not long uncasing the Foxe; he was so ready but now to give a double interpretation of every word I spake, and I thinke (to be quitts with him) I shall make more than a single use of this Cloake: first by this shift I have left him to pay for the Wine, then by this disguise I may unsuspected come to deliver my Masters Letter at the Bench, if *Opposition* come not before: But I thinke mine eyes are dazeled; he is here, and I saw him not.

Oppo. And I saw you, but I knew you not.

Amb. My Master *Fallacy* by me kindly greets you Sir, and would have met you here himselfe, but was detained with extraordinary businesse, and desirous more closely to impart his

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his minde unto you, by these his Letters doth expresse the same.

He delivers the Letters.

I doubt not but 'twill doe; oh there is great hope: some thinke the mediation of Angels may helpe in Heaven; I am sure Angels are the best intercessors in Earth: when they become Oratours, there is no doubt of propitious audience. There is no reading to the golden Legends: This *Chryso- stomes* Style is most perswasive. Hath he done since? I think if it had beene longer, it would not have seemed tedious.

Oppo. You may tell your Master from me, I have perused his Letters, know his minde, and will give him my best assistance; bid him be confident.

Amb. I will Sir.

Exit.

Oppo. Well that's all; I never did hate this *Fallacy*, and of late I saw matter deserving pity in him; but now I see he loves me, he is willing to relye upon me, he dares so farre trust me, he doth promise to advance me, I cannot chuse but love him, I must needs helpe him, I will doe my best to honour him: well, here they come.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Definition, Division, Demonstration, Fallacy, Topicus, Proposition.

Def. **G**ood *Reduction* charge *Conclusion* to keepe him fast, and if he chance to breake from him, doe you assist him. Come yong Lords, I would I could perswade you altogether to desist from these troublesome contentions; but if that may not be, this is a fitter place than your sicke and distemper'd Fathers house; let us heare what you would have, what you can plead for your selves.

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Demon. Then why doe not some dimme & purblind Stars,
Corrivals with the thrice most glorious Sunne,
Sue at the Throne of Heavens Majesty
To rule the Day? 'twere lesse presumption
Than this of these competitors of mine:
For were not I by my Nobility,
And most apparant births prerogative,
In all mens sight, to be preferr'd, before
This *Topicus*, and bastard *Fallacy*:
Yet were my worth, great worth, beyond compare,
To prove my claime just, all-sufficient.
I from the State long since have banished
Grosse ignorance, and that her cursed spawn,
Vild superstitious *Admiration*,
The Tyrant of the vulgar simple minds:
I the chiefe Shewer to my Lord *Discourse*,
All the most strange and wonderfull effects
Of closer working Nature have set forth,
The hidden cause lockt from common eyes
In deepe, scarce-searchable Obscurity,
I opened wide to his illustrious view,
I the renowned Champion of Truth,
Have her defended gainst her proudest foes,
And many combats for her honour fought,
Never returning conquered from the field,
And therefore now to any scorn to yeeld.

Desi. You may speake *Topicus*.

Top. If any words of mine may find attention,
In your not yet fully possessed cares,
Nor shall it seeme presumption to you
Judicious Lords, which seemes so palpable
To prejudicious *Demonstration*,
That I any title dare maintaine with him;
Your reverent wisdoms are not ignorant
That though he hath beene honour'd more of late,

Yet

The Sophister.

Yet was I borne before him; then if he
For birth-right claimeth ought, 'tis due to me:
Nor to his high priz'd worth inferiour,
Are my deserts not undervalued?
If he his foe in close and narrow lists
Have, as he bravely vaunts, encountered,
And that not often, for none-profitting
Onely, selfe-pleasing, Contemplation,
The single combats oftner fought by me
In just defence of your empai'd rights,
Are no lesse famous, no lesse knowne to you:
Besides, I alwaies in the Champion field
Of Rhetoricke well leavied forces led,
Chiefe Muster-master to the Sovereigne Leige,
Our high Commander and chiefe Generall,
Under Truths colours many skirmishes
I have endur'd, won many Victories:
Then let me for the King, for truth, for you,
In all your causes never wont to faile,
For mine owne selfe in this mine owne prevaile.

Opp. If you have done, let's heare yong Lord *Fallacy*.

Fall. If that my vowes, or teares, my gracious Lords
Conjoin'd with yours, could move the angry Heavens,
This doubtfull question should not trouble you:
Thou should'st great King enjoy thy right, and we—

Opp. (Oh admirable piety!)

Fall. Would rest as happy still enjoying thee:

But since that fate, (O hard and cruell fate)
Denies him his right mind, denies us him,
Envies us all this great felicity,
Who may more hope his regency t'attaine,
Than he in whom his vertues most remaine
Nor let it any thing impeach my right,
That unadvised *Demonstration*
Objects to me, base birth, who doth not see

His

The Sophister.

His Father he disgraceth, and not me;
If ought he from his Mothers right doth claime,
Let him enjoy it, I le him not deceive.
But if he at his Fathers rule doth aime,
He was my Father too, and by his leave,
Although I chanc't not to have with him one mother
On the best side, I am his elder brother.
Nor are my vertues meauer than my birth,
Witnessse those many difficult attempts,
Which quite impossible for any else
To hope t'achieve, with expedition,
And not without successe, I have perform'd.
Witnessse that most rare service to this Realme,
Which I with diligence have executed.
Discourse his chiefe controwler in the state,
Truths sole soliciter, common Attorney.
In all the causes which concerne the Land:
And all this, though by farre exceeding all,
Which my Competitors can promise you,
If to my first deserts you give due meed,
With future industry I vow to exceed.
If they which most they can, (and who can lesse?)
Shall scarce defend, scarce defence asking right,
I will your weakest causes fortifie,
And make appeare most strong in most mens sight.
Who hates us, shall not thinke us overthrowne;
Who favours us, shall sweare the right our owne.
Now all this that I might effect for you,
Let me receive at your hands what's my due.

Divi. My Lord speake what you thinke.

Defin. Did you as true Piety (which is a reverent and gratefull respect of your Parents) commands you, strive who should have the greatest part in lamenting this his Ex-tasie, (which is a Distraction of his braines, or a privation of those gifts of understanding, which of late hee happily enjoy'd)

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enjoy'd) I should give you equall praise; (which is the deserved testimony of a vertuous action) but seeing you carried by Ambition, (that violent passion, which desireth nothing but honour) into these Civill Divisions: (which are Dissentions, disquieting your friends, and delightfull to your enemies) To say no more, I can commend none of you. But because *Iustice* (which is a perpetuall and constant will to give to every man his due) doth warrant me to define this present controversie; if you will stand to my Judgement, (which is the censure I shall give) *Demonstration*; the noblest sonne of *Discourse*, by the Lady *Necessity*, (who concludes all things which he undertakes so truly, so immediatly, so surely) shall succede in his fathers dignity: (which is his kingdom and place in this realme) what thinkes *Division*?

Divis. These three that sue for *Discourse* his dignity, are either true borne sonnes, or base borne: the true borne plead either in right of birth, or of desert; their birth they either commend from Priority, or Nobility; their deserts either they set out from their greatnesse, or from their goodnesse. Now because base borne sonnes never inherit, I think *Fallacy* hath no right at all. Again, because *Primo-geniture* hath beene alwaies preferred before great birth, and often good workes serving for use and action, are better than seldome great effects, which tend to nothing but to Admirati-on, and Contemplation. I Judge *Topicus*, *Discourse* his eldest sonne, by meaner Parentaged *Probability*, in that, in all matters, at all times, wee shall have use of him to be chosen before *Demonstration*, second sonne, though begotten on nobler descended *Necessity*, of whose vertue we have so seldome experience.

Oppo. If you have spoken, you may give me leave: I therefore thinke neither *Demonstration* fit, nor *Topicus* worthy, and therefore chuse *Fallacy*.

Defn. Why so?

E

Oppo.

The Sophister.

Opp. Aske not my reason, I stand for him or none.

Fall. He is base borne, and base birth, is a vile condition, which to them that are unlawfully hegotten doth purchase infamy, and bereaves them of all hope of succession.

Opp. Now I thinke him as true borne as the best; for *Demonstration*, I alwaies suspected him to be thy sonne, because he was so like thee; but now I am perswaded so, seeing thee to stand so mainely for him.

Divis. Nay good *Opposition*, either speake more advisedly, or hold your peace.

Opp. What I have spoken I will stand to it; I will maintaine it.

Defi. We must beare with you, 'tis your nature to bee crossing us perpetually.

Divis. Then *Proposition* it is you must end this controuersie, pray speake quickly, 'tis your voice must doe it.

Prop. If that three Dukedomes, all of equall worth,
To these three, all thrice-worthy, noble Lords
Should by our sentence be distributed,
I quickly would decide all doubt; but now
All having equall interest in my love,
All equally deserving in mine eies,
I sweare I know not whom I should preferre
Before the rest, lest I should doe the rest
More injury than right to him: therefore
Let me intreate you take some other course,
For the determining of this weighty strife.

Defi. Wel then yong Lords, you must needs rest a while contented, till we can find some other meanes to compose these differences, wherein we will use the speediest meanes we can invent.

Fallacy takes Opposition aside, and whispers him in the eare to send Contradiction.

Exeunt.

Fall. You see deare Brothers how this subtile States,
Deferre

The Sopbister.

Deferre this controversie to decide,
That keeping us from dignities, they may
Themselves be this Realmes onely Governours:
I therefore loving you, and this our State,
Hating such *Machivillian* Policy
Sit downe unto you, as you can agree,
Let either of you rule the State for me.

Exit.

Demon. And 'twould no lesse befit you *Topicus*
To know your selfe, and learne of *Fallacy*
To yeeld unto your betters.

Topi. You say true:
To know my selfe I well may learne of him,
For you are ignorant, and know me not;
Else I perswade my selfe, as he to both,
You would give place to me.

Demo. I doe confesse
I know thee not, for *Demonstration*
Lookes not so low, with his inquiring eye,
In greater matters onely busied.

Topi. Oh somewhat 'twas you ne're could know your selfe,
Your higher gazing thoughts could ne're descend
To so vild abject a basenesse.

Enter Contradiction.

Contra. Now brave spirits,
Why suffer you our State unmanaged,
Your selves dishonoured? You are slouthfull Lords.

Demon. Brave spirit, and can I endure
To be cald base and abject?

Topicus. Thou mistak'st,
Those words were onely spoken unto me,

The Sophister.

And *Contradiction* calls thee sloathfull Lord.

Contra. Now let your noble courage shew it selfe,
If you neglect this so faire-offerd place,
You worthy are to live in dishonour.

Demon. Rather as the Lightning shall my courage pierce
Through any Clouds, that likely are to obscure
My brighter glory.

Topic. May the foulest mouthes
Of the base vulgar spit upon the face
Of my unspotted credit, if for want
Of courage I abandon these my hopes.

Contra. Should I through mine owne fault be hindered
In such attempts, oh I should kill my selfe,
And on my selfe I would take just revenge.

Demon. And shall my brother seeke to thrust me downe,
And I endure it? Oh the name of a King
Is better than the common vulgar name
Of Brother. *Topicus*, looke to thy selfe,
He that my right and honour shall deny,
If I doe live and breath, shall surely dye.

Topic. Fond *Demonstration*, rather than I yeeld,
Appoint the place, I'll meete thee in the field.

Cont. What fitter place than this? where be the weapons?
Fie, fie, how dare you goe soe unprovided?

Dem. Goe fetch thy weapons, I will not be long.

Top. But I shall thinke to till I meete with thee.

Exeunt.

SCENA

The Sophister.

SCENA QVINTA

Enter Distinction in Ambiguities cloake.

Dist. I Thinke that Villaine Ambiguity was borne to doe me harme, I never was so overtaken by any as by him: No sooner had I put the Cup to my lips, but my witts shooke hands with my head, and left me to be arrested by dull Sergeant Sleepe, so like a bankrupt Merchant, I was faine to let downe my Shop-windows, and I thinke yet had not opened them: but that which plagued me worse, up comes a Drawer, and delivering me from that prison, was like to have me waking to another, unlesse I would pay for the Wine, which that Rascall had promised to bestow upon me, which I had scarce done, when looking about me, I found the Villaine which had left me witlesse and moneylesse, left me also cloakelesse, till I saw where the forke-tongued Snake had cast this his party-coloured skinn. Now I could be angry with my selfe for my simplicity: but see the villaine Enter Ignorath hath sent Ignoratio Elener the scold, his fellow, to laugh at me; this would make Demotritus melancholy. *He pulls downe his Hat, and walks aside.*

Ignor. What Ambiguity, are you studying? My Master Fallacy bad me deliver you these Keyes, and would you should locke up this Violl where you found it:

He gives them to Distinction, who goes away with them.

Remember now you had them: forsooth I may not be admitted to his Closet, I am too honest; but if I be not deceiv'd, this fellow is not so worthy to be trusted. Now beshrew his heart, he is gone without part of my message: I should have told him, hee was to contrive some accusations against the

The Sophister.

Ladies of *Verona*, this wits I know would be working that way, and I must follow.

Exit.

*Enter Opposition, Contradiction,
and Fallacy.*

Fall. But say, where are our Brothers? oh I long
To understand how well your love succeeds.

Cont. Breathlesse and wounded both of them I left,
And ere my coming from them, they began
To faint with bleeding.

Fall. Bled they very much?

Cont. Exceedingly.

Well, so their streaming veines
Shall serve as Conduits dropping Clarret wine,
To sollemaize my Coronation:

And now I cannot but applaud my wits,
And hugg my happy Genius that hath thus
In spite of selfe-conceited honesty,
Found forth this passage to my sweet desires.

Opp. But shall your old friends escape so? will you not requite their kindnesse?

Fall. Let *Definition* and *Division*, both
Be banished the Court, for *Proposition*,
He ne're oppos'd himselfe against me much,
We may procure his love, and use his helpe;
And therefore let him stay. But you
Lord *Opposition*, willingly I make
My sole or chiefest Counsellor of State,
By whom in all affaires I will be rul'd.
You *Contradiction*, whereso e're I goe,

I chuse

The Sophister.

I chuse to beare my sword : to your faire trust
Committing both my fortunes and my selfe.

Opp. Ne're may we thrive in this new policy
If we maintaine not what we have begun.

Fall. I doe belceve you, and relye on you;
And therefore know, that not an houre since
I by a sly devised subtilty,

Have luckily surpriz'd the Lady *Truth*,
With her two famous Daughters ; now in doubt
How I might best captive their constant thoughts,
I faine would heare your resolutions.

Opp. Were it my care I would enforce them straight.

Con. They should not eate, nor drinke, nor rest on minute;
Nay, I would torture, and torment them all,
Till they did yeeld submissively to my pleasure.

Fall. I thinke such meanes at first too violent,
I'll try how glozing words, and kind intreaties
Can worke upon them : You know not the force
Of well convey'd dissimulation,
Therefore goe you, and through *Parrhesia*,
Proclaime my lawfull just succession.

Opp. I will my noble Lord.

Fall. And doe you heare ?
To make my name more gracious, more belov'd,
I will no longer be call'd *Fallacy* : *Exit. Opp.*
Stile me great *Sophisme*. You *Contradiction*,
Let *Definition* and *Division* know
What is our pleasure to be done with them.

Con. I ne're did any thing more willingly. *Exit.*

Fall. I my selfe,
My project will pursue immediately;
Mee thinkes my hopes assure me. Now damn'd slaves,
Disloyall and unfaithfull miscreants,
Thinke yee that I will trust your villanies ?
No : these distemper'd, quarrelling, fighting fellows

Must

The Sophister.

Must not be conscious to our Policies,
They will rip open one anothers breast,
And prostitute their hearts to vulgar view:
Therefore the next thing that I wil contrive,
Shall be their ruine : Dead dogges cannot bite :
That done , I feare not Fortunes envious spight. *Exit.*

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Description.

IF I goe any farther let me be frozen to death, like Sir *Hugh Willowby*, or be made Cuckold with the tedious Traveller *Ulysses* : It were impossible to see all, yet I should see more than I should be able to relate, and like *Munster*, or Sir *Iohn Mandevill*, relate more than any would beleeve. I care not how these women take it. The Tailor in *Plutarch* would as soone make a habit for the Moone, as any man a Description of them, and so long would it fit them. I thinke they consist of *Materia prima*, they are capable of all formes and impressions, but constant to none : And it is no great matter to describe them, you see them curiously painted every where. And who would e're thought these Schollers should have so much troubled me : I supposing they had beene so like in their humours, as they are agreeable in their formalities, thought first to have drawne the Characters of some of them,

The Sophister.

them, but by what time I had observed some Capritious Criticks, Phantasticke Humorists, and malicious Satyrists; I found it no lesse impossible than perilous to deale with that kinde, and indeed am quite dismaid from going any farther in this enterprize. Well, I will deliver backe to the Lords their Commission, and rather sue for a Protection. But who comes here, *Distinction*?

Enter Ambiguity in Distinctions Cloake.

Amb. How now *Description*, didst thou see our Sovereigne *Sophisme*?

Desc. Hath *Distinction* gotten *Ambiguities* Linie woollie Coate? or *Ambignity Distinctions* party-colour'd Cloak? My cunning is quite stagger'd; I know not whether I should beleeeve mine eyes or mine cares.

Ambig. Doth your feeling serve you any better?

He strikes him.

Desc. Oh, is it you? No wonder I mistooke *Ambiguity*. They say a man may know the Divell by his cloven Foete; I am sure one may know thee by thy double hand.

Ambigu. Why double hand? I hope I have not foure hands.

Desc. Nay, thou hast but one hand rather; thou art *Ambo-dexter*.

Ambig. Is not that best? So *Plato* would have his Citizens.

Desc. But he would not have them double tongu'd, as you are.

Ambig. Then bee like *Scaliger* and *Mithridates*, who had foure and twenty tongues, should have had no place in his Common-wealth.

Desc. There is great difference. They many waies could
F speak

The Sophister.

speake one thing, thou one way speak'st many things.

Amb. That's a signe my words are most significant, which is no small commendation.

Des. Right, if the signification be single and true.

Amb. Why not double and true?

Des. That's impossible.

Amb. O grosse ! what truer than the Oracles, which deliver'd their mindes even with my voice ? and who more trusted, whose words cost more than our common Lawyers, who for their facility in double dealing, and speaking on both sides, are called the Oracles of the City ? But tell me, sawest thou my new disguised Master *Sophime* ?

Des. I prethee, how cam'st thou by this Cloake ?

Amb. Thou answer'st not what I aske thee.

Des. Nor dost thou aske what I intend to answer thee.

Amb. But see here comes mad *Discourse*, he will make us admirable sport.

Des. Well, I will not come neare him if he be mad.

Amb. Nor I, if he were in his wits.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Discourse.

Disc. CERTAINE 'tis so ; nay I will maintaine it, as long as I have any breath ; for I am neither in *Delos*, nor in the floating Islands of *Scotland*.

Amb. 'Twere fitter you were in the Island of *Anticyra*.

Disc. Nor am I in a ship, that I should thinke the Earth moves.

Amb. If you be not, you deserve to be in the ship of fooles.

Disc. No, no, 'tis even so ; the Earth is turn'd about, his sphaerickall forme is apt for such a motion.

Amb.

The Sophister.

Amb. You are monstrously deceiv'd, 'tis nothing but the house goes round with you.

Disc. Again, the Heavens are of a duller mettall, nothing but blew Marble.

Amb. I'll goe talke with him. My Lord *Discourse*, what Paradox is this, are the Heavens made of Marble?

Disc. Dost thou doubt of that? why, in a cleare day thou may'st see it plaine; and when it raines, those drops are nothing else, but such as fall from the sweating stone.

Amb. Somewhat it was, that in the time of *Anaxagoras*, and as *Livy* reports, in the 200. yeare of *Rome*, it rained

Disc. Thou say'st true, very true. (stones.)

Amb. But what thinke you of the Sunne?

Disc. Indeed hee is beholding to Nature for a better matter: he is made of bright burnish'd gold.

Amb. If the Sunne be gold, I will the sooner beleve *Solinus*, that there are a people which see him not in halfe an yeare; I know some who see not Gold once in twelve Moneths. But what is the Moone Sir?

Disc. Why shee is but silver.

Amb. I thinke scarce that Sir. Sure that mettall is not of her Nature; it is often at the waine, but never at the full in my purse.

Disc. The Starres begotten betwixt these two, are some bright Angels; others Soveraignes, some round shillings, some but silver groats.

Amb. They are happy, whose Nativity these stars favour.

Disc. *Jupiter*, when he came to *Danae*, descended in a Cloak bespangled with these falling Starres.

Amb. But how came you to learne all this?

Disc. Who I? I have often walked through all the Regions of Heaven.

Amb. I beleve you have beene with *Menippus*, as farre as the Moone: your talke favours of Lunacy.

Disc. I tell thee, I have beene farther then ever the wit of man could reach.

The Sophister.

I have pac'd the uttermost extreame outside of the *Primum mobile*, from whence, many thousand miles below me, I beheld great *Jupiter*, and all the *minor* gods.

Amb. A most strange Traveller; I feare you will come anon to the greatest depth in Hell: 'tis time for me to leave you. *Exeunt.*

Dis. I have beene there already many a time,
Where never *Hercules*, nor *Theseus* durst approach:
Over *Avernus*, that most loathsome Lake,
Which never Bird as yet presum'd to passe,
I with my Goose-quill wings have made a flight.
The darke, light, burning, black fiery flames of cold *Phlegeton*
With undazel'd eyes I have oft gaz'd upon.

Enter Reduction. (me.)

Reduc. Come good my Lord, you must needs returne with

Disc. Bid *Charon* stay my leasure, He see first whether it be the same with the Elementall fire, then I'll come.

Red. I came not sir from *Charon*, neither am I going to him.

Disc. Who, *Reduction*? I would thou wert; what wouldst thou with me?

Red. Fie my Lord, you will be alwaies in these mad moods, pray will you goe with me?

Disc. O *Heraclytus*, well didst thou say, the dry Ayre was the best soule: for had we not need to melt away into teares, to see the misery of wretched men. (will.)

Red. Nay weepe not good my Lord, you shal have what you

Disc. Shall I? so then I will pull out both mine eyes like *Democritus*, that I may looke thoroughly upon the follies of these times, and laugh my full at them.

Red. So you were best Sir; but now pray come with me.

Disc. I come, I come, I come sir. *Exit singing.*

Enter Fallacy holding a letter, with Ignoratio Elener.

Fall. I know not how my presence may disgrace me,
That Lady hath a quicke and peircing eye,
Able to search beyond the countenance;

The

The Sophister.

The most reserved and conceal'd intents:
I'll keepe my selfe aloofe, and stand farre off,
Till she hath swallowed downe this guilded bait.
Then can I draw her wheresoe're I list,
And if the common and derided humour
Of some selfe pleasing Poet be not in me,
I cannot chuse but move affection;
This straine will win her. *(he reads to himselfe.)*
Enough, I must be bold and confident:
Sirrha, goe you, commend my dearest love
With these my letters, to *Scientia*;
Tell her I plead not my nobility,
Great births, or hopefull fortunes, powerfull friends;
Downe at her honours thrice most sacred feet,
I humbly lay these poore and meane respects,
But me in nought else knowne ambitions,
Though now high soaring purest thoughts of love,
Like *Venus* silver feathered Dove have drawne
Up towards this high Heaven.

Ignor Elen. Sir I feare,
Like some imperfect temper'd Meteor,
Neare approaching that high region,
You soone will vanish, and your blazing love
Be quite burnt out.

Fall. Say first, the glorious light,
That with kind heate doth cherish all the world,
Shall suffer in perpetuall Eclipse.

Ign. Sir feare not, if faire protestations
May doe you favour, I'll turne prodigall.

Fall. Well, take the chiefeest opportunity;
If I doe injoy her, thou know'st not what's thy share.

Ing. I goe my Lord.

Exit.

Fall. Mistake you not your errand;
This is a stupid and forgetfull knave,
But yet my letters may direct 'em:

The Sophister.

I have taught others many times to woe,
And compasse easily their dearest loves,
Some with new fashioned and fantastick suites,
I taught to cloake their foule deformities:
The stale and stiffe leg'd Courtier, I have fram'd
To make yong congees, and unthaw'd his joynts;
An old worne-eaten wainscot countenance,
With a fresh varnish I have made to smile,
To win the favour of some yonger wench;
Poore sirs, with broakers suites, and borrowed Liveries,
I have commended to their dimme-ey'd Dames;
The greatest hate, and inequality
To love and reconciliation I have wrought,
And should my selfe dispaire? dispaire dull fooles,
Fallacy cannot be but fortunate.

Enter Opposition.

But here comes
One of my sworne supporters, 'twere full time
I were deliver'd of their tedious service;
I thinke I am able now to stand alone.

Opp. All happinesse befall my mighty Sovereigne.

Fall. Thanks trusty faithfull *Opposition*.

Opp. We have proclaim'd your Royall Majesty
Rightfull successor to the empty Crowne
Of great *Hermenia*.

Fall. But with what successe?

How stands the Commons to our Reigne affected?

Opp. As if their fortunes were advanc't with yours,
In vollyes of faire acclamations,
Through the spacious regions of the ayre,
They send that joy which in their narrow breasts
Seem'd but imprison'd.

Fall. And it shall be my care
To recompence their loves with our deceite,
For I doe hate ingratitude as death:

The Sophister.

I doe, Lord *Opposition*. I well weigh
How much I am oblig'd to any ; and for you,
Deare Lord, I would I were the Monarch of the world.

Oppos. Would that procure thy noble hearts content,
No force should barre thee : but we long to heare
How stand your hopes for faire *Verona* ?

Fall. Why my hopes are cleare, -
But yet my thoughts are somewhat over-cast,
To thinke that I should hazard, with my selfe,
The yet unthanked loves of all my friends.

Wer't to be tride out by our wit, or words, *Hee speaks*
I could be confident; but boisterous force is. *this aside to*
Yet though I doubt, I feare not, and my friends *himselfe.*
With patience will attend the maine event.

Oppos. What's this my Sovereigne speaketh to himselfe?
My Lord I understand not what you would,
But gathering from your unaccustom'd phrase,
That somewhat much concernes you, I request
Better to be acquainted with your meaning.

Fall. Lord *Opposition*, there's not any man
Hath greater interest in me than you ;
And therefore looke into my deepest thoughts :
Scientia but even now hath sent me word,
That notwithstanding all her promises
To *Demonstration*, she could be content,
To place her best affections upon me :
But first entreats me to remove one let.

Oppos. One let ? now were there twenty thousand lets,
We would remove them. *She writes.*

Fall. None but *Iudicium*'s witness'e to her vows,
Were he dispatch'd, she were resolv'd for me.

Oppo. *Iudicium* ? now Ile send him downe to hell ;
He may prove witness'e before *Rhadamant*,
But never shall disturbe our peace on earth.

Fal. Nay, but the matter must be well conceiv'd,

Hee

The Sophister.

He hath procur'd him for his noble friend,
To bid me combate : which I have accepted ;
And though I cannot well fore-see the event,
I rest in this, my friends will rest content.

Oppo. Now I have cause enough of discontent :
Was not I worthy to have kild the slave ?
Sir, you shall never undergoe this action :
Or if you needes will fight, then fight with mee ;
For I doe vow, unlesse you yeeld in this,
You kindle that proud heate which cannot dye,
But wrapt up in your ashes, or mine owne.

Fall. Why, good my Lord, what would you have me doe?
I prize your friendship at my kingdomes rate,
Yet somewhat must esteeme my reputation :
At least be pleas'd to meete in some disguise :
'Twas his request to 'escape from conscious eyes,
If he surviv'd, me conquer'd, he might take
Some maske upon him, which small liberty,
Presuming if I pleas'd on the like,
I granted him.

Oppo. This 'tis, when men of judgement
Doe venture on such weighty actions :
They make all sure, they will prevent the Fates :
I care not how I kill the villaine,
Or who have credit for it ; but Ile kill him.

Fall. Then be perswaded to annoint thy blade
With this enchanted oyle, 'tis strong in vertue.

Opp. When is the time? where is the place? *Fal.* 'Tis here,
Within this houre.

Oppos. I will but try my sword,
And surely meete him.

Fall. Nay, but heare a word :
Let me entreat your faithfull secrecie,
And above all things, see you keepe it close
From *Contradiction*, lest he second you.

Opp. Feare not, we men of action use few words. *Exit.*
Well

The Sophister.

Fall. Well, I perceive that you have vow'd to make
Hermenias's Lord your vassall. Is he gone?
Now I could breake with laughter. What his hare-brain'd sonne?
He send to meet him, oh twill doe me good,
To see the villains tap each others bloud.

Exit.

ACT 3. SCÆ 3.

Enter Ambiguity, and Ignoratio Elenchi.

Amb. Now will I blow up this fellow like a soap bubble. It is
necessary for great men to keep some fools as well as many knaves,
They will never dispute their businesse. And must
I frame inditeiments.

Ign. Yes, tis that I should have told thee sooner.

Amb. Tis well I must play the Scrich-owle and proclaime
misfortunes, whilst you become the Mercury of more pleasing
messages, imploy'd in tuning the strings of love.

Ign. Sir you must doe it, like it as you thinke fit.

Amb. He thinke upon it if it be but to sharpen my wits. And
prethee noble *Ignoratio* Sirnam'd *Elenchi*; wilt thou prove Pan-
der and procurer to any man, thy person promiseth more grace,
stayne not thy worthinesse with so base imployments.

Ign. I never meant it.

Amb. So I thinke verily, and therefore thou didst undertake it,
Thy brave spirits scorn such service.

Ign. Yes I doe scorne it.

Amb. Thou dost know thy selfe.

Ign. I thinke I doe, and admire my selfe as much as another.

Amb. Methinks thine owne *Idæa* should be thy only Mistress.

Ign. I must confesse I know not that shape that I could ever af-
fect so well.

Amb. Why then should not these parts raise thee, Nature and
Fortune have conspir'd about thee. Take but this opportunity,
and triumph over the world.

G

Ign.

The Sophister.

Ign. I doubt not that but I have a farther reach, tis heere, tis heere will doe it.

Amb. I warrant tis some admirable plot.

Ign. Ile to the cunning man for some enchantments.

Amb. Out upon it, worke by witchcraft, twill never prosper.

Ign. Then I will use some other meanes.

Amb. Whats that.

Ign. Why any thou wilt counsell me.

Amb. Then be ruled by me. Thou know'st our master now is call'd the great Sophisme.

Ign. Yes.

Amb. And thou art *Ignoratio Elenchi*.

Ign. I am so.

Amb. Now thou art employ'd upon an honourable message.

Ign. Well.

Amb. Proclaim thy self Ambassadour.

Ign. You say true; turne Ambassadour, but I am no good speaker.

Amb. We will help that too; Thou hast his letters, open them, learn to pronounce them, take his person, frame his posture, speak as if thou wert the man thou seemest, she will not chuse but answer expectation. Before thou act this before good company, a contract is nothing worth without witness.

Ign. Wouldst thou be there I should speed much the better.

Amb. I will not faile thee, goe and make thy selfe most richly fine.

Ign. I warrant you, you seldome see a man of my wits want good cloaths. Ile about it straight.

Exit.

Amb. I care not if I crosse my master in this project, we Creatures of the lower region, never doe worse then when the higher bodies grow in conjunction. If the master once fry in a husbandish affection, the man may freeze and starve in expectation.

Exeunt.

A C T.

The Sophister.

ACT 3. SCÆ 3.

Enter Fallacy and Contradiction.

Fall. Deare *Contradiction*, use all secrecy,
And for my credit get thee some disguise,
Nor speake to him by any meanes, thy voyce
May shame us.

Cont. If he understand my blows so tis,
He gets no word of me.

Fal. Here, take with thee this powder, rub therewith
The instruments of thy revengefull wrath;
And, as most vertuous, be victorious.

Exeunt.

ACT. 4. SCÆ. PRIM.

Enter Conversion, Equipollency.

Conv. Can *Equipollency* endure all this? Can all this be endured by *Equipollency*?

Equip. Who I *Conversion*? I can suffer any thing, 'faith ther's nothing that I cannot suffer. Prethee be rul'd by me, stand to the present.

Conv. I am no Stoick.

Equip. So it seems, thou art rather a Pythagorian Peripatetic, thy very essence is mutability. Thy soul could walk through more Sects then some honest bodies have chang'd suits: methinks thou mightst do well at home by temporizing.

Conv. Oh these Climats are too cunning, I must seeke further.

Equip. Read *Lipsius* Constancy, let that confirme thee.

Conv. Faith he will lead the next way from *Leyden* to *Down*,
That it may be I may make use of him,

The Sophister.

Did not these troubles banish me: I would go voluntary:

Your finest wits are thought insipid till

They have past the salt water.

Our home-spun learning's of a coarser thread,

It's stain'd and smokt in dressing.

The Germans vates drencht in a deeper grain,

Venice and *Padua* will returne them richer;

And I begin to pity thy wilfulnesse. What course intendest thou?

'Twere thy best, being skill'd in tempering

Confections, to proclaim some *Paracelsian*

Oyl, or Angelicall pills.

Equi. Nay, I'll rather professe the making of *Aurum potabile*, and credit it with some two leavs of reasons, and ten of authority, for all diseases, griefs, and maladies. But which way art thou bent?

Conv. I will to *Flushing*, *Middleborough*, *Amsterdam*, peradventure thence to *Anwerp*, and so to see *Rheims* and *Roome*.

Equip. Take heed you come not back by *Quinborow* there is a groome with a curry-comb will rub your sides. But if you may be perswaded, it is as easie to lay downe your stomacke at home, as feed your selfe abroad by making buttons; you may sooner be prefer'd to the Inquisition then to the Conclave.

Conv. Well, except the morrow Sunne display more comfort, I am gone beleeve it.

Equip. You hope at your returne to get a Doctorship the cheaper, or a benefice with lesse adoe, but you may be deceived, I will expect your reconversion, adiew.

Exit.

Conv. This fellow thinkes himselfe as cunning as a tumbler that walks upon ropes, and with his levell keeps himselfe upright, but his steps are dangerous, I had rather walk on the Alps, though steeper, where I may have sure footing.

Exit.

A C T.

The Sophister.

ACT 4. SCÆ 2.

Enter Invention.

I, who my restless wits have dayly tied,
In searching choicest objects of delight :
Though none more gratefull, none more tedious
Then that most blest content which they enjoy,
Who underneath the courteous Lawrell shade,
In muses laps doe rest their weary heads ;
But now, alas, what proud ambition,
What jealous envy, greedy avarice,
Hath cast infection on those purer springs ?
They whose kind Steele was sometimes only proud
In giving waxen tabletts, some cur'd wounds,
In their owne irefull, and all hardned breasts,
Imprint the tragicke characters of death
Not in pursuite of lost lord *Intellect*;
I am inform'd by *Definition*,
My best esteemed loving *Topicus*
Lies desperate hurt by *Demonstration*.
So twixt my deare affection to him
And bounden duty to my absent Lord,
My hearts divided with convulsions,
But pardon me great *Amina*, thy sonne
Commands my service, this one duty done.

Enter Description.

Desc. Well met *Invention*, what have you found young Lord
Intellect ?

Inv. No, and which adds to my misery, I heare I am like to
loose my selfe, my deare friend *Topicus*.

Desc. Indeed he is hurt, but our feare was greater then their dan-
ger, and it is happened better then they deserv'd. There is good
hope of recovery.

Inven.

The Sophister.

Inven. Thanks good *Description* for this happy news, but are you certaine that the danger's past.

Dise. It is most certaine, and I would wish the other miseries which have so unexpected befallen us, were likely to have so hopeful an issue.

Inven. I heare by Lady Methode and the banisht Lords,
How miserable you are all become,
By great Discourses strange Distraction.
Met you with Method? Oh she was too impatient and unkinde
to forsake our Sovereigne in his extremity: her presence might
have yeelded him especiall assistance.

Inven. Pardon and pittie that distressed Queene,
Whose tender heart, oppressed with her griefe,
Would breake with any rough or unkinde touch.
As towards Rhems I did direct my pace,
I overtooke a weary fainting voyce,
Which I approaching neerer found was hers,
Alas, quoth she, I long since banished
From the disordred Regions of the world,
Have beene contented in this only place,
With old Discourse, my till now loving lord,
Till now to live under his lovely roose:
I alwayes lay twixt his well folded Sheets,
I ever have enclapst him in mine armes,
Lest he should want delighting ornaments,
Or for his plainnesse passe with lesse regard,
I all the day have wooed the Sciences,
To make him rob the longest coldest nights,
I have late reaving up the finest arts,
And put into his hand a curious threed
Wherewith he guided hath his certaine steps
Through many crooked winding Labyrinths;
And now my *Thesens*, ah my kinder *Thesens*!
Unwillingly was forst to leave his love,
Cruell discourse doth rudely cast me off,

And

The Sophister.

And threatens me if I come neer to him.
Here I stept in, and with the fairest means
My troubled thoughts could finde, perswaded her
To change her resolution, and return;
Which having half effected, there came on
Old Definition with Division,
Who caring lesse their own then her estate,
Are minded closely to return with her.
My love to *Topics* hath caused me
To use more haist, although assur'd by you
Of his recovery; I have been content
To favour thus my self, and let you know
Of *Prebods* kind intention to return.

Descrip. I thanke you Sir, and will accompany you.

ACT. 4. SCÆ. 3.

Enter Ambiguity and Ignoratio.

Amb. Thou shouldest have starcht thy beard, or got some
Beare-skin on thy head; at least have powdred thy haire like an
Ashwednesday penitent; one devise now would doe most ad-
mirable.

Ign. Impart it dear genius, if my wit can reach, or wealth com-
passe it, I will have it immediately.

Amb. Nay tis soon done, tis not so much as a Majors feast or
Citizens christning. Thou hast heard how *Simon* circumvented
the Trojans.

Ign. Yes, with a great wooden-horse; Must I get such an one?

Amb. (Yes, a great leaden-Assie) No, but you must counterfeit
your self a captive, stand with your hands fast bound and leggs
intangled, That will signifie your inthralldome. The Lady pity-
ing your restraint, will untie your hands, and wrap you in her
armes; then may you enclaspe her girdle and untie the true-love-
knot of her virginity.

Ign.

The Sopbister.

Ign. That will be most significant ; But what do you think if (because Love is blind) I went on blindfold, sure I should speak the bolder.

Amb. It would do excellent, *Nox & Amor*, Darknesse and Drunknesse, Blindnesse and Love, are ever well machd.

Ign. So then i'll weare this Scarfe.

Amb. I'll help thee. Now, how canst thou speak ?

He pronounces some of Falacies Letters.

It must be lowder, she will not indure a chamber voyce, thou must yawne Like one that gapes for a Benefice : open like an Oyfter, that she may gather the pearles of thy speech.

He goes on pronouncing.

Oh that we had some Peble-stones, such as *Demosthenes* used ; but hold, it may be this will serve ; Spare my fingers *he gags him.* but while I tell a hundred. I warrant thee this will make thee like a chirping Sparrow. Now will I leave the Coxcombe to adventure, and tis full time. What black Herald comes here. *Exit.*

Enter Contradiſtion disguised.

Cont. What, this is not the place where base *Indicium* and I should meet, thinks he to prevent me, I will requite his diligence, but stay, he hath no weapons : now the Coward Rogue would yeeld my prisoner, but he shall not scape me so ; i'll Bassinado him at least.

Contradiſtion pulls off his Scarfe.

Is this *Sientia's* Chaplain ? he's very still, now what ails him ! i'll see for the blow I gave him.

He pulls out the gag.

Ign. Now Sir, with all my heart, if you will have my purse.

Contradiſtion strikes him and departs. Exit.

Ign. Is this to be an Ambassadour, to have no law of Armes nor liberty of legs to protect me ; now my onely revenge is to hold my peace and be silent, which if I can do, I may prove counsell to the veriest Wittoll. I am at a stand whether I shall go on in sure, or give it over ; I must be better counsell'd. *Exit.*

Enter

The Sophister.

Enter Proposition and Iudicium.

Ind. And can he no where here about be found.

Pro. No not by any inquisition.

Ind. And I by *Fallacies* advise him sought
Towards *Verona*, but alas in vaine;
The troubles of that City as I was
Vpon the way, by faithfull grieve inform'd,
Equall the stirrs here in *Parthesia*:
Truth and her daughters being thence expelled,
And all the rule usurp't by *Fallacy*,
Those blessed civill lawes are disannul'd,
Which to so many glorious Emperours,
So many ages, in so many lands,
Have ever beene so justly well approv'd;
There hath he planted rude and practique friends
Which grate the Commons, spoile Nobility.
Betwixt deare brothers and the nearest friends,
Endeavoured to sow vile dissentions.
There the most sacred ordinance of Heaven,
The divine Oracles they falsify,
And force upon the plaine simplicity
Of easily deceived honest men,
Fraile humane breath and bold traditions,
With singular fantastique vaine conceits.
As brainicke Dreams, forg'd revelations:
That I rest well assur'd he is not there:
Although to seek him else I know not where.

Pro. Now we may pity our confederats,
But cannot as we ought, bewaile their state.
Our neerer griefs do hugely overflow
The just proportion of all humane woe.

Ind. What else is befallen you since *Discourse*
Became distract?

H

Pro.

The Sophister.

Pro. *Opposition* and *Contradiction* contending for the rule,
Have wounded each the other wilfully.

Ind. Is *Contradiction* hurt? fond vanity
Vnder these ever suddaine moving Sphæars
To looke for rest or seeke felicitie
In earth, the well head of salt teares.
We thinke him mad, that thinketh in the aire,
To erect a castle or faire monument;
And through the Seas as passengers we fare,
Yet dare not dwell upon that element.
But on th'uncertaine, and short prosperous windes
of favour blooming Fortune we oft raise
High and huge hopes, to our now calme minds
Promise eternall Halcyonian dayes.
But the just heavens all well guiding care,
Least we forget them in our jollity
When we in greatest pompe triumphing are,
Humble our mindes with some new misery;
For what else could our hearts content desire
But firme assurance of continuing?
When whilst with joy we others blisse admire,
Our selfe straight vex't with fortunes torturing
With sence doe feeble how her fierce wrath extends
From our owne selves unto our dearest friends.
But say, is his wound dangerous?

Enter Intellect and Distinction.

— But see
Iudicium, here Lord *Intellect* is come.

Ind. All happinesse attend your welcome presence.

Intel. Thanks good *Iudicium*, but you are man *Distinction*
whom I must acknowledge the author of my freedome.

Ind. Where hath your Lordship been? and whence is it *Distinctions* honest care hath set you free.

Intel.

The Sopbister.

Intel. I am indebted to *Ambiguity*, I was promised by him to be led to a faire library, but was conducted to a Vatican of all villaines.

Ind. Say good *Distinction*, how fell this out?

Dist. How he fell in you have heard already, and for his deliverance this it was. I by reason of this coate (which how I got I list not now to tell) being taken of *Fallacy* for *Ambiguity* received of him these keyes, with direction to go to his clofet, together with a certaine violl he delivered me which my curiosity quickly apprehending, I went and found the young Lord *Intellect* in one roome, the Lady *Truth* and her daughters in others, all which I have thence delivered.

Prop. O a Heroicall!

Ind. And were you in his clofet?

Dist. A clofet doe you call it I will besworne it is a spacious storehouse of all subtilties, a Burse of impostures, an *Italy* of poysons, a *Frankfurt* of false Authors, there are infinite *Iliads* of Hermeticall precepts, many barrels of white powder, bales of false dice, boxes of false weights, bags of counterfet coine, golden fishhookes, iron rakes, vizards, and darke Lanthornes for theeves, masks and painting for Gentlewomen; for all hee furnished them dayly enough to load an Argosy, or a Spanish Carrick.

Prop. And what was in the violl you nam'd?

Dist. O, I thought to tell you: the rarest receipt that ever was composed, *Predea* nor *Circe* never made the Like.

Ind. What was it poyson?

Dist. When he gave it me, I mark't he said it wrought powerfully, and so mistrusting the effect, tride the conclusion upon a dog I met, which no sooner had tasted a dram of it, but dragging his tail on the ground he grin'd and snarl'd and presently ran mad, which effect I observing, thought I had now opportunity to requite a kindnesse *Ambiguity* did me, and so tempering it in a cup of sweet wine, adventur'd amongst *Fallacies* followers, who bravely carousing to their good fortunes, let my cup go round amongst them, and presently they all daunc't *Frantique*, so that nothing

The Sophister.

grieved me, but that *Ambiguity* was not amongst them.

Pro. O strange! will any drug cause madnesse?

Ind. Easily. *Quid bibit inde furit*, I have both read and seene it, and I feare *Discourse's* madnesse might have such a cause.

Ind. But doe you heare Lord *Proposition*,
If he through artificiall meanes lies mad,
As by these signes tis more then probable,
I know he may be help't again by Art;
Let him but purge and bleed in his head veine;
I dare to warrant his recovery.

Pro. Happy *Hermenias*, if againe she see
Discourse recover'd, and for ever bound
To your discreet good will and worthy love
Vouchsafed to us, in your friendly presence.

Ind. What cunning Chirurgeon hath *Parthesia*?

Pro. Here's one well practis'd skilfull, fortunate
Analysis, who hath well nigh recur'd
The life-despairing brothers, *Topics*
and *Demonstration*.

Jud. Let him straight
Take care of him.

Prop. Sir, would you goe your faire direction might assist
us much.

Jud. With all my heart, young Lord pray lead the way.

Exeunt.

Act.

The Sophister.

Act. 5. Scæ. Prim.

*Enter Fallacies followers madde, and singing, and
as last fall together by the eares: he comming,
they disperse and fly.*

Fal. What Pannick fury hath o'rerun the world,
Or univerfall madnesse raignes this day ?
Are there nor fellowes, those whose subtile braines
Would have spun forth the finest villanyes ?
Those whose sound heads so oft I have employ'd
In working deepe designments ; and see now
What wilde confusion hath tane hold of them ?
Was't not enough that truth, and *Intellect*
With hated science and opinion,
Escap't by them, art set at liberty ?
But they in this disordred fashion
Must make me odious, scorned, and despis'd ?
Oh that I could convey me from this world,
Or know where to hide me, but my dores
Are lock't against me, and my wicked wals
Late surfetting with filthy luxury,
Doe seeme surcharged cleane to spew me out.
Is't possible that I should be thus crost ?
What is there any goodnesse in the world
Of force enough to contervaile the wit
Of proud *Fallacy* ? or is't some feind,
Some divell not of his owne confederacy,
That with his counterplots controlls my skill ?
Or was my selfe the cause, my curst selfe,
Lulled asleepe in fond security ?

Exit.

Enter

The Sophister.

Enter Equipolency, Analysis leading Discourse.

Anal. 'Twas well you came so timely *Equipolency*,
The memory of this foule imposture may survive
In that recover'd couple.

Equip. Sir they added,
As they found ease amidst their vomiting,
Pouring forth curses against *Falacie*,
How for his sake they had thrust the worthy Brothers,
Topiens and *Demonstration*, into their desperate fury.

Jud. Now I doe verily believe *Analysis*,
That villain's cause of all, it will appeare
He forc't his fathers madnessse.

Anal. *Equipolency*,
Leave the perfume behinde you. Look you use fresh pigeons,
Vntill the venome of their wounds be quite exhal'd,
There were no losse of them but at this time,
Their words may be produc'd, therefore pray be carefull.

Equi. I will.

He delivers the Perfume, and departs.

Now let him be brought hither, feare not stirring him,
I warrant he's secure. *Invention*
You shall doe well, if against his waking you provide some show,
And Musick, which may welcome home his wandring senses.

Jud. Ile see what may be done for both. *Exit.*

Analysis lets Discourse blood.

Now see *Judicium*, here's no blood but humours,
This black stuffe is the excrement of Melancholy:
This sometimes makes him 'mongst the groves and rivers,
Pen Sonnets to the Nymphs and Goddesses;
In good assemblies to withdraw his thoughts,
And dictate to his Desk and Closet walls,
Dangers with which a wise man scarce would trust
His very bosome — this next

The Sophister.

Is *Choler*, hast thou met with voyces,
Breathing seditious discontent and malice,
This humour rules them, from this fiery vapour,
'Tis not the Chaire of State or Iustice seate,
Can shield the Prince or publike Magistrate,
Yea unto Heav'n it selfe it oft aspires,
Against Religion and the sacred Arts,
Casting prophaner and impurer darts :
This watry Phlegme, is that which putrifying .
His springs of breath, infects the neighbouring ayre
With blasts of slothfull envie, whence destruction
Casts mists upon the best endeavours.

Jud. Now me thinkes
The blood appeares, 'twere best *Analysis*
You stop the Orifice.

Anal. Oh his blood
Is much corrupted. This doth feed that veyne
From whence lascivious Songs, lewd Epigrams
And obscene Satyrs flow. This itching humour
Oft keepes him waking : watching, fills his braines
With gyddy phantasmes ; yet we'l not take too much.
Bring me the cupping Glasse.

Jud. What, must he be martyr'd ?

Anal. This is most needfull, else that windy matter
Which often grieves him worser then the Cholicke
Till it breake forth, will still continue.

Jud. Now I wish
The Hypocausticall and brothel-writers were thus eas'd,
Which vent forth volumes faster then the Presse
Can get in rags for Paper.

Anal. 'Tis enough.
Light the Perfume : Methinkes he moves a little,
Sweet smells confirme the sense and ease the braine,
And though no vapour nourish, it conveyes
The spirits to the purest root of life.

Enter

The Sophister.

Enter Invention with Musick and a Shew.

Inven. What stirre yet? the Musick is at hand,
Attended with a Maske.

Anal. It comes most seasonable.

Jud. I thinke 'twere best we convey'd him in again *Analysis*,
And let him rest a while upon his pallet:

Anal. It may doe well, I will not leave him now
Vntill these hopes grow stronger. Let us goe. *Exeunt.*

leading Discourse in.

Enter Ambiguity and Fallacie.

Amb. My Lord, I have contriv'd the accusations.

Fal. Well, let me heare them : mine own wits doe faile,
It may be there is somewhat thought upon,
May helpe in extremity : let's heare.

Amb. My Lord,
Forgetfull of her honour, mighty Truth,
In base and meane attire hath walkt the streets,
Yea, which hath made my modesty to blush,
Starke naked hath she oftentimes appear'd,
And flying better presence, usually
With children, and grosse-pated long-tongu'd fooles,
And poore distracted persons hath been found,
On Taverne benches plunged all in Wine,
By sencelesse drunkards lovingly embrac'd.
Shee oft hath suckt impure and loathsome breath,
From their uncleane and foule stinck-belching throats,
With most disgrac't-esteemed hereticks
Conversing alwayes : never was she scene
Amongst religious, far more glorious
And faire appearing holy Confessors.

Fal. And have her daughters so demean'd themselves.

Amb.

The Sophister.

Amb. The heavens, starrs, the Regions of the aire,
The land, the Sea, *Scientia* hath scene,
But is a stranger in what most concernes
The countrey, families, or private good.
She is become the only patronesse
Of idlenes, and selfe consuming sloath.
The quickest spirits, fit for action,
Being dul'd in fruitlesse speculation:
Yea many of her most admired straine,
Pufft with conceits of their all knowing skill,
Have run starke mad, or in a vilder veine,
To damned Atheisme have beene inclin'd.
Lady *Opinion* seeks to insinuate,
And winne good liking with the vulgar sort
To them, since pleasing objects she propounds,
And with most curious art and industry,
Doth both invite, and entertaine their loves.
Prudent and vertuous axioms she hath made
Disfastfull seeme, and Paradoxicall.
She sometimes simple, most times subtile is,
But now deceitfull, straight deceiveable,
And only constant in inconstancy.

Fall. This will doe well, for I must take some course
To satisfie this overcurious age.
But what newes hear'st thou stirring?

Amb. Sir, I heare that Lord *Opposition* and *Contradiction* have
hurt each other.

Fall. So! what dangerously?

Amb. Yes, so tis said.

Fall. I did thinke so much.

These fighting fellows will ne're hold their hands
Till they have pul'd some vengeance on their heads
But thank thou Heav'n for't, if thou miscarry,
Assure thy selfe that thou art only left
To be the heire of my prosperity.

I

Amb.

The Sophister.

Amb. O Sir, the Heavens intend me no such happineſſe, the ſcurvie Apothecary *Equipolency* hath with his curioſity drawne out the rancor of their wounds, and no queſtion is made of their recoverie.

Fal. Is't poſſible?

Amb. Nay, which is as ſtrange, hee hath made them friends, and now they nothing but exclaime againſt you, except it bee ſometimes when they rayle againſt me for your ſake.

Fal. Well, we with patience muſt reſt content, Thou knowſt that innocence is ſtill traduc'd.

Amb. Againſt Sir, as I was comming hither, I was told that *Analysis* had let mad *Diſcourſe* blood, which I laughed at, thinking his head was light enough before.

Fal. *Diſcourſe* let blood, and *Oppoſition*
Paſt danger, friends with *Contradiſtion* —
Tis time I looke about me.

Now deſperate miſery inſpire ſome trick,
I muſt doe ſomewhat: ſo, this may doe good,
I may eſcape ſo, but doe make a vow
I will take heed of their *Parrheſians*.

But now *Ambiguity*, ſay my mad father ſhould recover his little wits, and call me to account for my ill government.

Amb. You muſt answer your ſelfe for me.

Fal. Answer for thee, why have you deſerved ſo much thinke you, that you ſhould be call'd in queſtion.

Amb. Sir, I meane you muſt answer by your ſelfe, I have ſome ſkill in accuſing, but none in defending.

Fal. I care not if I try what I could doe. Doe you examine like his gravity, Ile answer as I can.

Amb. At your command.

Fal. But here, take firſt my Gowne, 'twill make me ſpeak the more reſpectively: give me thy Cloake, now thou mayſt bee the bolder.

They change.

Well, when will you begin?

Amb. Could I ſo eaſily be well aſſur'd

Of

The Sophister.

Of your great care to rule, as reades our state,
I should as gladly thanke, as now most loath,
Condemne your forwardnesse, and would you knew
How I dislike these courtes t'ane of you.

Fal. My gracious Lord, 'tis knowne I did refraine
The weighty glory of your government,
Till my more able brothers sorely hurt,
Could not themselves, much lesse the state sustaine.

Amb. But I doe heare you banish't have the realme
My trustiest and best knowne Councillers.

Fal. Doubting my Lord 'mongst many working heads,
Least some enflamed with ambition,
By ruine of their Countries common good,
Might seeke to raise themselves; I did remove them
From meddling with all matters of state.

Amb. If it be so, I thanke thee *Fallacy*,
And doe commend thy wise bestowed care.

Fal. Now if I could leave him, this robe might serve as a safe
conduet. Ile saine some present businesse, well stay thou here, I
in this disguise will muffle my selfe and see what they doe, the E-
vening approaching will keepe my counsaile.

Amb. Shall I expect you here?

Fal. Yes, by all meanes let me know where to finde you.

Amb. So this makes me think what I shall be, carelesse what
I am, and forgetfull what I was, I seem halfe invested in my hopes
already. Those sword and buckler fellowes I hope will never get
his favour more: and now the joyes of *Hermenia*, are not equall to
those in my bosome. I would the proudest enemy I have would
finde me in this fashion, Oh I could looke upon them most dis-
dainfully — will no body come.

Enter Proposition, Description, Conclusio.

Desc. Was it not told us that *Fallacy* was here?

Conc. And here is some body; he, or his shadow

The Sophister.

Prop. 'Tis *Ambiguity*.

Disc. Sirrah, where is your Master *Fallacy*?

Amb. Lord *Fallacy*, my master, is not here;
His leisure serves not ordinary commers;
But if you have some earnest suite to him,
My meanes may prove your chiefeft furtherance.

Pro. We thanke you Sir, but we must speake with him.

Amb. You thank me, what unmannerly and untaught grooms
are these, how unacquainted with the phrase and methode of the
court, I lookd they should have answer'd in a language better un-
derstood of great mens favourites. And must you speake with him?
I know no businesse of men of your fashion, but I may have the
the hearing of it, suffice it you, I will vouchsafe you answer.

Pro. Sir if you will needs know our businesse. Of Capitall
Treason, we arrest you here,
As conscions of all those vilde designs,
Which gainst our Sovereigne, and his worthy sonnes,
Against this state, and those distressed Ladies
Of poore *Verona*, late have beene contriv'd
By *Fallacy* and you his damned creature.

Amb. What, meane you as you speake?

Disc. Yes, and ere we leave you, we will teach you to speake
as you meane. Equivocating shall not serve your turne.

Amb. Hath *Fallacy* us'd me thus, and forsaken me in my extre-
mity.

Pro. Come, let us have him to our Sovereigne. He shall exa-
mine him himselfe.

Desc. Stay, here comes his Majesty.

*Enter Discourse leaning upon Invention and Iudicium,
Intellect going before, Distinction
following.*

Disc. Now honourable friends, our realme and we

Rest

The Sophister.

Rest much obliged to your happy loves,
And so may those ill fortunes prove the last
Instructions of your fraile infirmity.
As we in service to you, and your state,
Intend to make some satisfaction.

Ind. Sir, our respect to you, our love to yours,
Makes all that can be found within our power
Seem but as tribute and deserved duty.

Disc. And you young Lord, whose vilde imprisonment
Adds much unto the burthen of my wrong,
I hope will not conceive amiss of us,
Who tenderly affect you, as our owne.

Intell. May it please you, now I am return'd againe so safe,
I would not for any thing but have been shut up where
I was, I have seen more then ever I did before.

Disc. I easily beleevē it, what, *Distinction*, have you the Keyes?

Dist. I have gracious Lord.

Disc. And cannot *Fallacy* as yet be found.

Prop. My Lord, we have surprized here
One of his chiefe and nearest followers,
But of himselfe, as yet we cannot learne.

Disc. And oh I pray he never may be found
Or heard of more within *Hermia*:
Let him be hated throughout all the world,
But ever banished from forth the coasts:
That wretched father, with the wicked sonne,
That sought to spoile me of my dearest pledge,
Have felt in part, the Heav'ns impartiall doome,
For violating all the lawes of love:

Yet let them when their health and strength shall serve,
Be both conveyed hence to th' Antipodes:
And as for that tumultuous frantick crew,
Which revell it so loosely in our streets,
Dragging our subjects basely by the eares,

The Sophister.

Let them be ship't away to *Barbary*,
And serve as gally slaves till they come there :
Our selves desiring to make recompence
For those injurious wrongs which harmlesse *Truth*
And her distressed daughters have sustain'd,
Intend forthwith in joy to celebrate,
Betwixt my sonnes and those admired Nymphs,
On either side long wish't for Nuptialls.
We hope ere this, our *Queene* and banish't friends
Are safe returned, and now courteous Lords,
Late patient partakers of our woe,
Let us request of you, that ye this night
Associate us in feasting and delight.

Dist. My gracious Lord, you have forgot *Ambiguity*, shall not
he be rack't, I could stretch him exquisitely, I would faine be his
Procrastes.

Disc. It were but folly to torture him,
We know too much already, too too much ;
Yet let him strait be whipt out of these parts,
And if thou lik'st the office, thou thy selfe
May'st be his friendly executioner.

Dist. With all my heart.

Disc. What, come Lords, will you go?

Intel. We will attend your Majesty.

Exeunt Disc. Intel. Prop. and Discrip.

Dist. Oh Sir, you may remember how you us'd me, I thought
I should have a time to deale with you, will you untrusse, come,
I must uncase you, as you did me.

Amb. *Fallacy* hath your cloake, I have it not,

Dist. That is no matter, you shall have it so sure as the gowne
is on your backe.

Ambiguity slips his gowne and runs away, *Distinction* follows.

Exeunt.

Ind. Nay, good *Invention*, since we meeting here
Have found all things so quietly compos'd,

Suting

The Sophister.

Sating with our first expectation,
I must remember you of what you promis'd
The verses which you profer'd to my view,
Cannot but fit this opportunity.

Inv. I hope I have not lost them, these are they—

The Epilogue, spoken by Invention.

S Should this our Play on Common Stage appeare,
Some of the ignorant multitude would swear
That we chopt Logick; for such strains of Wit
They still like worse, the better they are writ.
But you, that fill this Orbe, whose ears have hung
Attentively upon each Actors tongue,
Who ken where the least string of Art is crackt,
Where the conceit is proper, and where rackt,
From whence a work is spun, out of what Fleece,
And know the woof and Warp of the whole Piece;
The SOPHISTER doth on your suffrage stand,
That for his grace, you would put to your Hand.

FINIS.
